

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

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AN EASTER MESSAGE FROM ST. PAUL

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. . . .
When this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on
immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up
in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to
God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. 1 Cor. 15:20, 54, 55, 57.

EASTER

*"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither
have entered into the heart of man the things
which God hath prepared for them that love
him." 1 Cor. 2:9.*

In these days one sometimes hears it said
that the hope of a life to come is only a self-
ish desire for continuance of what we here
enjoy; and certain people appear to think
themselves somewhat morally better than
their neighbors because they have suppressed
that desire. This, however, may justly be
called a shallow estimate of the worth of the
hope of immortal life, and a sad misunder-
standing of the foundation on which it rests.
In point of fact there is apt to be no ardent
longing for another world in the common
mind. Until this life becomes very tragic
indeed no one willingly departs from it; and
all our ideas of heaven are too inadequate to
make it very attractive in the common sight.

The hope of immortality is really the key-
stone of our whole arch of idealism, and
without it the arch must sooner or later
tumble in upon itself. With all our confi-
dence in a divine wisdom by which the world
was made, the reason for its making remains
a blind riddle, unless the life that it shelters
and supports is meant to go on into eternal
realms. And it is not good to live in a world
that is a mere blind riddle. Life on the
whole must be reasonable or it is scarcely

worth living.

In every mind there is a subconscious sense
of values and realities which carries an im-
pression of what is, or is not worth while,
though that mind may lack power to reason
out the situation; and the feeling that it is
worth while to labor and sacrifice for life's
higher ends is not likely to be supported for
long, at any pitch of enthusiasm, when all
that appears to be at stake is the brief well-
being of a practically worthless creature
called man.

Some of our latter day prophets are tell-
ing us that when our modern mind gets
round to such study of moral problems as
has been devoted of late years to physical
discovery, vast changes for good may soon
be made in all our ways of living; and for
one I joyfully hail this reasonable hope. But
is it not pertinent to ask what incentive is
to urge us on from the new physical delights
we have won to harder fields of moral ad-
venture and discovery? If men were to be-
come only creatures of dust and ashes in our
sight no one could set any great store by a
doctrine of their moral perfectibility.

Again one hears it said at times that,
attractive and reasonable as this hope of
immortality may be, there is no shred of evi-
dence that it is true. Now one who says that
shows that he is ignorant of, or has closed
his mind against evidence which does exist.
We may agree that no overwhelming proof
ever has, or perhaps ever can be made. In

one of His parables Jesus set forth this matter truly when He said, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." There is no proof that will convince all minds. But of evidence that helps to support a reasonable hope the world has always been, and is now, quite full.

Because again and again when men have not been thinking of an unseen world, when they have believed little if at all in its reality, that world has broken in upon their consciousness, as it did in St. Paul's case, with a force that has changed the whole current of their lives. We can be as sure as we are of anything, for which no absolute proof exists, that there will always be enough strong intimation of a heavenly life surrounding us to keep the hope of it alive in the hearts of men, as their own rightful inheritance.

It is in connection with these considerations that your attention is now invited to some brief reflections with regard to the special event which Easter is designed to keep green in the memory of the church. We will waste no time trying to reconcile the different versions of the resurrection story given in the gospels. The gospels embody different streams of tradition, and they vary in details as such streams always do. They would be much more open to the suspicion of being products of fancy rather than of memory if they were perfectly agreed. The one feature of the resurrection story that vitally concerns us is the assertion that Jesus somehow manifested Himself to His disciples after His death on the cross.

Let us consider for a moment three closely connected incidents in the foundation of the Christian faith. First of all, the great Prophet of Nazareth not only clearly foresaw the martyrdom that must be His end, but as He drew near that end He had a distinct premonition of His return to earth after He had been put to death. Such premonitions, though we cannot explain them, and though they are generally vague as to the details of subsequent events, are not infrequently justified by what actually does come to pass.

Three days after His body had been entombed His disciples were electrified by the report that certain members of their band had "seen the Lord." This story of the spiritual appearance of Christ among His followers produced astounding results. A dispirited and hopeless group of His disciples, many of them rather weak and un-

trained fishermen, was suddenly transformed into the stuff of which heroes and martyrs are made. The cause which official Palestine had apparently buried forever under the shame of the cross swiftly arose to be a conquering power, and began a career which no persecution could thenceforth stay. The teachings of Jesus, which were to be the world's salvation in a time of great crisis, were rescued from forgetfulness and firmly fixed in the memory of our race.

A little later, in order that Christianity should become a world-wide movement, it was needful to take it out of its original home and plant it in the wide fields of the Roman Empire. Then one Saul of Tarsus—a Pharisee of the deepest dye and a bitter enemy of the new faith—on the road to Damascus where he was going to conduct a campaign against it, was met by a celestial vision which, as he says, prostrated and blinded him; and in which he heard the voice of this same Jesus demanding his loyalty. Whereupon this narrow-minded champion of the old order became the great Apostle of the new faith. By incredible labors he founded a movement in the West which finally became stronger than the Empire itself. And the church which he established laid, among the crumbling ruins of that Empire, the foundations of the new Western world that was to be. So far as we can see there was nothing else to prevent the culture of Greece and Rome from being totally submerged by Northern barbarism.

Truly a remarkable series of interlocked events. Fortuitous, does one say? But is not the appeal to chance, in such a fundamental matter as this, an abdication of reason rather than its application to the case in hand? Twice in that age the fortunes of mankind hung upon what is called a "supernatural" appearance; though it may turn out to be as natural as anything with which we are familiar. Were the reports of this nothing but idle rumor and popular illusion? Ingenious theories have been spun to support that view, but to my own mind they seem to lack the saving grace of common sense. They make a greater strain upon one's credulity than do the events for which they assume to provide an explanation. Shall we, who set such great value upon the truth of things, and count that to be one main fountain of beneficence, believe that in the past such all-important results have come out of cloud banks of mere mental mist?

I am myself constrained to say that while some of the beliefs of the early church seem

fanciful, there must have been underneath them a substantial basis of historic truth. I must believe that something of great consequence really did occur. The men who had these wonderful experiences not only thought they heard and saw what is reported to us, but they actually did see and hear something that corresponds fundamentally to the written record. Very likely many who have thought they heard heavenly voices have been deceived. But none of them, I should think, could find one of the greatest and most enduring enterprises of all time. If they could do that one would have to say that for practical purposes fiction is often as good as fact; and that is about the last thing that a truly scientific mind should say.

We do not well know, except in general outline, either what has been or what is to be. Especially when we look forward our imagination soon breaks down. That perhaps explains more than anything else some recent decline in the hope of immortality. The poetry which embodied the imaginings of other days has ceased to satisfy many, and they have little or nothing to put in its place. But is it so very needful that they should have something to put in its place? In thinking of the hereafter why not remember St. Paul's wise saying, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared!" We know not what we shall be; but we have a right to great confidence that it will be better than we can now know or think.

Contrast with Paul's saying that of another master mind of the ages who makes his Hamlet say, in effect, that suicide would be a welcome outlet from life's troubles: But that the dread of something after death,—

The undiscovered country from whose bourne No traveller returns,—puzzles the will, And makes us rather bear the ills we have Than fly to others that we know not of."

The Christian Apostle's utterance is, in every way, immeasurably more healthful and more sane. Caution has its place; but hope is always a much better counsellor than fear. Life's fruitions, unless we ourselves spoil them, are always more wonderful than anything our fancy could suggest. So it should be with the full fruitage of our tree of existence, though we must wait for it until the dawning of an endless day. In this hope we can not only find rest for our souls, but we can go forth to labor with all our strength while our earthly day shall last; and it makes

a glorious setting for our earthly sun.—
Adapted from sermon by Howard N. Brown, D.D. Reprinted by courtesy of Post Office Mission Committee.

NOT GIFTED

I cannot paint a picture that would interest or inspire,
I cannot paint a picture that my best friend would admire:
My fingers are not skillful in the higher forms of art,
But I can make my house a home, to rest the weary heart.

I can plant vines and shrubbery around the bare bleak walls
To smile out at the passer-by, to welcome one who calls.
The inside, gay and cheerful, with a neat and homey air
Shall speak of peace and harmony, to all who enter there.

In music, my accomplishment would surely fail to please;
My voice, so weak and quavery, could scarce be heard with ease
In any hall: and yet my songs, they soothe my babe to rest,
And Mother's singing, Buddy says, is the kind he likes the best.

I cannot preach, or orate, and tell folks how to live;
My audience would leave me, they'd think I'd naught to give
To interest them: and they'd be right. Why should they list to me?
But I can live a life of truth—for all the world to see.

And thus I know 't is not my lot to win the world's acclaim,
'T is mine to do the little things that never bring one fame.
The lowly, little needful things. "God give me grace," I pray,
"To do my humble, little tasks in a big and worthwhile way."

—Contributed by Alice Steele Hoppes.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

There is no calm like that when storm is done,
There is no pleasure keen as pain's release;
There is no joy that lies so deep as peace,
No peace so deep as that by struggle won.

—Helen Gray Cone.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "*Shall I send such a book to such a person?*" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Will you please publish a few lines for me in the CHEERFUL LETTER paper? I wish to thank all for the help and cheer that has been sent us. My husband is in poor health and not able to do much and we have seven children at home to care for. The three largest girls would like to have embroidery thread and stamped goods. The two little girls, ages 5 and 8, would like picture books or anything to amuse them. I would like to get yarn, quilt scraps and crochet thread as I cannot afford such. It is such hard times and my husband sick. Mrs. Lanta Sturgills, Rugby, Va.

2. Mrs. Cora C. Greer, Rocks, Maryland, writes that she is a lonely widow, 52 years old. She has a girl, 15 years of age, who is in school. Mrs. Greer would enjoy some reading material, quilt scraps and bits of thread, as they would help to pass the lonely hours.

3. I have moved since the last time I heard from you, and in moving have misplaced your address. So this is the way I am thanking each one who has written or

sent me a package in the past. I enjoy any kind of cheer sent by the CHEERFUL LETTER friends. In closing I want to say how grateful I am to the one who is sending me the little magazine every month. Mrs. Henry Walker, Route 2, Bellevue, Texas.

4. Since the passing of my dear mother I am left alone and so lonely. Would be pleased to receive quilt pieces or most any fancy work material, as I can do most any sort. Also I would enjoy copies of "The National Geographic Magazine." I am a cripple and shut in most of the time so you see most any kind of cheer would be welcomed. I thank the one who sends me the CHEERFUL LETTER MAGAZINE. Miss Attie Eastridge, Clifton, N. C.

5. Mrs. Maggie Parrish, Route 1, Gordon, Ala., wishes some reading matter and quilt pieces. She has three children who would like some pictures and story books. She will be so thankful for any kindnesses.

6. It has been over a year since I last wrote you so am coming again to thank you all for past cheer. You don't know, dear friends, what your kindnesses have meant to

us. We have just moved and the people here are so strange and it gets so lonely. Times are very hard, the worst year yet, and prices for everything are so high—all this after the dreadful drought. So please, good friends, send me some cheer, just any kind, and I can assure you it will be more than appreciated. Mrs. Mary Hill, Route 3, Box 279, Parkdale, Ark.

7. Mrs. Sam Blair, Sandy Level, Va., wants to thank us for the reading sent last year. She has four small children and would be glad of some picture postcards for them. She is piecing a quilt and would like a few more scraps and some work thread.

8. I have been receiving the *CHEERFUL LETTER* magazine for about a year and certainly enjoy reading it. I have five boys, ages 11, 9, 6, 4 and 2. Two are in school, and it is so cold that I cannot get out with the little ones. I hope someone will send me something to amuse the children and some scraps of cloth for myself. Mrs. W. H. Dunovant, Spencer, Va.

9. I hope you will remember me this year with reading matters for myself and parents. I like any kind of a good story or paper for children of my age. I am fifteen years old, and if not asking for too much, would be so glad for quilt scraps and embroidery thread or sewing material of any kind. Hope someone will think of me. Irene Kilby, Rugby, Va.

10. Mrs. J. O. Goodwin, Pleasant View, Va., says that it has been a long time since she has heard from any of the *CHEERFUL LETTER* friends and hopes she is not forgotten. She will be fifty years old, March 20th, and hopes her friends will remember her with some magazines and books.

11. I am writing to ask for books, magazines, or any kind of good reading. We are not able to afford anything of this kind. We don't get to go to church like a lot of others, either. I have six children, girls, 14, 7, 16 months, and boys, 12, 10 and 4. We get so lonesome and would enjoy reading and pictures so much. Mrs. Kate Tarleton, Route 1, Peachland, N. C.

12. I surely thank the friend who is sending me the *CHEERFUL LETTER* paper. I hope to be remembered in the future. I have six boys, ages three to fourteen. I love any kind of reading and if someone who reads *Dream World* and *True Romance* would send them to me after they have finished, I surely would appreciate it. We live way out on a farm and everything sure is dull. I get so lonesome. Mrs. B. L. Blaney, Route 3, Grace-

mont, Okla.

13. Mrs. Millie V. McRae, Ansonville, N. C., is very grateful for cheer in the past and she and her children hope to be remembered this spring with any kind of reading matter.

14. The *CHEERFUL LETTER* magazine comes to me every month and I do enjoy it a great deal. I am in very poor health, a shut-in most of the time, and it is so lonesome here. It will make me very happy if some of the friends will send me some silk scraps and satin pieces and some good books. I will be so grateful. Mrs. Ola Burgess, Ansonville, N. C.

15. I will write you a few lines because I hope you will not forget me this spring with some reading and quilt scraps. My mother is blind and my husband is paralyzed, so you see I have a hard time and a while back all we had was burned. Mrs. Sallie McLendon, Route 1, Box 234, Wadesboro, N. C.

THE DAY OF RESURRECTION

The day of Resurrection,
Earth, tell it out abroad,
The Passover of gladness,
The Passover of God.
From death to life eternal,
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection light;
And, listening to His accents,
May hear so calm and plain
His own "All hail," and hearing
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
Invisible and visible,
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord is risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

—*John of Damascus* (8th Century)

Hearts, like doors, can ope with ease
To very, very little keys;
And don't forget that they are these:

"I thank you, sir," and "if you please."

—*Selected.*

SHANGHAI

Under the windows of my room in the Hotel Cathay, two ceaseless streams of toiling humans pass and repass. I have not been up late enough at night, nor early enough in the morning, to see any material slackening of the tides. One moves by land, one on the surface of the tawny river, harassed by innumerable oars, screws and paddles. On the Bund, coolies with heavy burdens, light-footed ricksha men, caravans, trails of porters freighted with mysterious products of the East, carts drawn by oxen or by rugged little ponies, and motors of every make and degree wind "in and out, and roundabout like troutlets in a pool."

On the muddy bosom of the Whangpoo, great ocean liners, bearing the flags of all nations, pick their way gingerly amid sampans, wherries, barges, rowboats. Junks with awkward sails and great popeyes painted on their bows, go swiftly along with the current, or make slow and devious progress against it by some marvel of seamanship inexplicable to mere western landlubbers.

As I sit and watch the busy scene, it seems to me that every Chinese on the other side of the river is dominated by a mad desire to come across, while a like zeal impels all on this side to voyage to the other. Never were ferryboats so frequent and so crowded, while the efforts of those of traditional design, steam-propelled, are supplemented by flatboats, launches, punts, sailboats, rowboats, each one crowded to the water's edge, and seemingly carrying quite as many voyagers in one direction as the other. The time of day seems to make no difference. There is no morning rush hour, nor noonday siesta. Mark Twain's blessed islanders who made a living by taking in each other's washing seem to have migrated to Shanghai and diverted their energies to ferrying, or being ferried, over the Whangpoo.

An amazing port is this one of Shanghai. I have seen the Pool of London and the Scheldt at Antwerp and fancied them the last word of crowding big ships into little rivers. But in this Chinese harbor the big ships are the least of the problems. For the surface of the water is so cluttered up (there is no other phrase to express it) with little native boats of every imaginable size and shape, serving purposes too often unimaginable to me, that the big liners can hardly move without fouling one or more.

One morning a dense, yellow fog hung

over the stream, so that even from my window only a few hundred feet away no ship could be clearly discerned. Out of this all-enveloping other curtain arose a clamor such as western ears have seldom to endure. Steam sirens and Chinese gongs, hoarse whistles and raucous horns, shrill yells of women (who work the smaller river craft as skillfully as men), bells, rattles and excited shouts told of the efforts of some hundreds of craft to maneuver in a swift tide with blinders on. The boatmen of Whangpoo have a skill in avoiding disaster comparable only to that of the New York taxi driver who navigates Times Square at the theater hour.

The Shanghai Bund is one of the spectacular streets of the world. The buildings of its landward side are ponderous, grandiose, Chicagoesque in architectural style. Indeed, if Michigan Boulevard had a roaring trade waterway for its "other side" instead of a green park and a placid blue lake, it would not be unlike this outpost of Western finance and commerce in the Far East. No Oriental touch appears in the buildings, the signs on which betoken the tenancy of many of the best-known banks, insurance companies and shipping firms of the world. But about their doors loiter throngs of lithe and alert ricksha men awaiting patrons.

You hear before reaching Shanghai travelers' tales about the rapacity of these human steeds, and of their sinister practice of taking the unwary, not to the address sought, but to some black alley in the crowded native town, there to be robbed and left lost and helpless. It may be so. I've heard the story often. But so did I hear of the obtrusive spies in Japan who were to rifle my private papers (I haven't any to be rifled); of the hosts of "wild children" in Harbin who practiced highway robbery in the guise of beggary; of the fleas and even more unspeakable insects of Chinese trains; of shopkeepers who demanded four times the value of articles which they cheerfully sold for a quarter of their asking; of kidnappers and bandits; of food and drink almost unendurable; of beggars innumerable. But we have been now in the Far East for many weeks of almost constant travel and have not suffered from any of these prophesied evils, nor indeed encountered them in any disagreeable way.

Beggary seems to me quite as prevalent in the south of Europe as in China. I saw none in Japan except at certain shrines, where benevolence was inculcated as a virtue. In-

deed, nothing on this trip has impressed me as quite so shocking as the street apple sellers in the United States last winter, with the implication they offered that the greatest and richest cities of that nation could devise no better method of meeting a sudden need on the part of self-respecting citizens than thus to advertise their poverty and break down their morale.

As for the ricksha men, their gayety and good humor—especially in Peiping—make one forget the arduousness of their work. Beyond a slight tendency to slow up in front of such curio shops as assure them a percentage on the expenditures of their passengers, I have discerned nothing peculiarly predatory in their methods. Indeed, I'm not sure that I'd not rather be hailed at Back Bay Station by a group of these flat-footed Mercuries than by the taxi men whose charge for carriage from that famous entrepôt to Coolidge Corner would keep a ricksha man in comfort for a week.

But to return to the Bund. It is amazingly a street of contrasts, of adventure needing an O. Henry to do justice to its infinite variety, its brooding romance. You can enter one of these broad, cool banking rooms and buy a draft on London for £50,000 (or watch someone else buy it) and step across the street and buy from a crouching, ragged Chinese woman three pears for a copper coin of a value too small to be translated into western vernacular.

You can buy a de luxe steamship ticket around the world for \$5000 or so, and not twenty paces away be eagerly accepted for ferriage across the river at the cost of a copper coin of which ten go to one American cent. In the broad, open windows of the Palace Hotel, diners sit trifling with costly dishes, and on the sidewalk across the way hungry coolies are feasting on portions of animals which in Western diet systems are swiftly and silently consigned to the sewers.

The ricksha and the Rolls-Royce compete for right of way, and great bearded Sikhs direct with dignity a street traffic which for density would give Fifth Avenue pause, and for variety could hardly be approached outside a museum of industrial vehicles.

This astonishing street is, in a way, the façade of Shanghai. Behind it and oozing around its end are the vivid, squalid, mysterious streets and alleys of the Chinese city. How Chinese, how exotic it is! Challenging in its mystery, appalling in its implications of sinister possibilities in its

courts and rookeries. When romanticists from Dickens to Oscar Wilde wanted to depict the criminal purlieus of London they laid stress upon gloom, dark and murky streets, gas lights behind dirty panes, black water and blacker mud; a Stygian darkness everywhere. But this Chinese city into which tourists are warned not to wander unprotected presents a front as gay and festive as Coney Island at its best.

Perhaps therein lies a suggestion for some present-day novelist. In "The Woman in White" Wilkie Collins for the first time depicted a villain, Count Fosco, who was fat and jolly. Prior to that time a dark complexion, a cadaverous frame and a saturnine expression were the hall marks of villainy. In later fiction the inimitable Wallingford was also portly and jovial. Behind the gay façades of the Chinese city of Shanghai, report has it, all sorts of crimes are committed, all kinds of atrocities planned. As yet I can write of its mysterious mazes only from hearsay. Presently I shall secure a guide, as Americans are earnestly besought to do, and plunge into the depths. When I do, if experience to date counts for anything, the dark places of crime, the conspirators, intriguers, abductors and ruffians will probably disappear as completely as did the wild children of Harbin, the bandits of Mukden, the fleas of the Chinese Eastern or the dire effects supposed to assail one who in the Far East eats and drinks with as little fear as he would in any foreign land.

—Willis J. Abbot in
Christian Science Monitor.

STICK TO YOUR JOB

Diamonds are only chunks of coal,

That stuck to their jobs, you see.

If they'd petered out like most of us do,

Where would the diamonds be?

It isn't the fact of making a start,

It's the sticking that counts, I'll say.

It's the fellow who knows not the meaning
of fail,

But hammers and hammers away.

Whenever you think you have come to the
end

And you're beaten as bad as can be;

Remember that diamonds are chunks of coal

That stuck to their jobs, you see.

—Minnie Richard Smith,
in *Sunshine Magazine.*

"He who would climb a tree must grasp
its branches—not the blossoms."

WASHINGTON

His mind was great and powerful, without being of the very first order; his penetration strong, though not so acute as that of a Newton, Bacon, or Locke; and as far as he saw, no judgment was ever sounder.

It was slow in operation, being little aided by invention or imagination, but sure in conclusion. Hence the common remark of his officers, of the advantage he derived from councils of war, where, hearing all suggestions, he selected whatever was best; and certainly no general ever planned his battles more judiciously.

But if deranged during the course of the action, if any member of his plan was dislocated by sudden circumstances, he was slow in readjustment. The consequence was that he often failed in the field, and rarely against an enemy in station, as at Boston and York. He was incapable of fear, meeting personal dangers with the calmest unconcern.

Perhaps the strongest feature in his character was prudence; never acting till every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed; refraining if he saw a doubt, but, when once decided, going through with his purpose, whatever obstacles opposed. His integrity was most pure, his justice the most inflexible I have ever known; no motives of interest or consanguinity, of friendship or hatred, being able to bias his decision.

He was, indeed, in every sense of the word, a wise, a good, and a great man. His temper was naturally irritable and high-toned; but reflection and resolution had obtained a firm and habitual ascendancy over it. If ever, however, it broke its bounds, he was most tremendous in his wrath.

In his expenses he was honorable, but exact; liberal in contributions to whatever promised utility, but frowning and unyielding on all visionary projects and all unworthy calls on his charity. His heart was not warm in its affections, but he exactly calculated every man's value, and never failed to give him a solid esteem proportional to it.

His person was fine; his stature exactly what one would wish; his deportment easy, erect, and noble; the best horseman of his age, and the most graceful figure that could be seen on horseback. Although in the circle of his friends, where he might be unreserved with safety, he took a free share in conversation, his colloquial talents were

not above mediocrity, possessing neither copiousness of ideas nor fluency of words.

In public, when called on for a sudden opinion, he was unready, short, and embarrassed; yet he wrote readily, rather diffusely, in an easy, correct style. This he had acquired by conversation with the world, for his education was merely reading, writing and common arithmetic, to which he added surveying at a later day. His time was employed in action chiefly, reading little, and that only in agriculture and English history. His correspondence became necessarily extensive, and, with journalizing his agricultural proceedings, occupied most of his leisure hours within doors.

On the whole, his character was, in its mass, perfect—in nothing bad, in a few points indifferent; and it may be truly said that never did Nature and Fortune combine more completely to make a man great, and to place him in the same constellation with whatever worthies have merited from man an everlasting remembrance; for his was the singular destiny and merit of leading the armies of his country successfully through an arduous war for the establishment of its independence, of conducting its councils through the birth of a government new in its forms and principles, until it had settled down into a quiet and orderly train, and of scrupulously obeying the laws through the whole of his career, civil and military; of which the history of the world furnishes no other example.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

The sun is just rising on the morning of a new day. What can I wish this day may bring to me? Nothing that shall make the world or others poorer; nothing at the expense of other men; but just those few things which in their coming do not stop with me, but touch me rather, as they pass and gather strength. A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends. A work to do which has real value, without which the world would feel the poorer. A mind unafraid to travel, even though the trail be not blazed. An understanding heart. A sight of the eternal hills and unresting sea, and of something beautiful the hand of man has made. A sense of humor and the power to laugh. A few moments of quiet, silent meditation; the sense of the presence of God. And the patience to wait for the coming of these things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.

—*W. R. Hunt, in
Sunshine Magazine.*

GATHERING GOLDEN MOMENTS TO DO THE SEWING

A busy home maker with children about her seldom finds time to sew without deliberately planning it. One way to get a good start is to devote an evening to putting the machine in order and getting together sewing materials and necessities; and another evening to cutting out garments. With the children in bed and no interruption from friends, agents, or the telephone, it is surprising how much may be accomplished in only an hour or two.

Keep the pattern being used in one chair and as each piece is used lay it with the others on another chair to avoid cutting the same part of the garment twice. In cutting succeeding garments from the same pattern, it may be easier to use the cloth pieces as a guide instead of the paper. Fold all pieces of a garment together when the cutting of each is done, and lay the packages in a basket or other receptacle that may be put up out of the way until time can be made for the sewing.

Often garments of a kind can best be sewed on the machine by twos; the short-cuts learned on one can be used on the other before they are forgotten. This also makes possible the sewing by machine of one seam after another without breaking the thread and consequent loss of time for trimming. With but little practice one can sew sections of a garment together in this way without any basting. But until one arrives at this point, it may be well to pin pieces in place so one will not full up on the other, or use wire clips for the same purpose.

When basting must be done, it saves time to use sewing thread instead of that made specially for basting, because the stronger thread may be pulled for great distances without breaking. Another economy of time may be effected by using a number of threaded needles instead of but one for this purpose. When the basting with one thread is completed, leave the needle in the work until the machine stitching has been done, then clip off the knot in the basting thread and draw the basting thread out from the needle-end of the work. By merely making a new knot in the end of the thread one has a needle all ready to be used again.

With work cut out and the sewing machine on the same floor with the regular household activities, a home maker can accomplish a great deal of sewing in odd moments: while waiting for the children

to come to meals, or return from school or an errand. A bag with the mouth held open by an embroidery hoop or a piece of wire, and hung on a nail driven inconspicuously into the side of a window casing near the machine, makes an excellent receptacle for thread and scraps that would otherwise litter the floor. With some such convenience, sewing can go on even after the house has been put in order.

Another time-saver is a covered basket, or a light suitcase or suit-box, in which one has all the time, needles, thread, pins, buttonhole scissors and scissors for cutting thread. If this is kept near the machine and if as each piece is made ready for handwork, it is laid in the receptacle, the room may be put in order in almost less time than it takes to tell. Then, when the housework is done and one feels like it, or a neighbor comes in with her work or to visit, everything is all together for continuing the sewing. Probably by the time the visitor has gone, the handwork will be all done and the basket will hold some completed garments to be put away, and some articles ready again for the machine.

There are occasions, however, when one must put in a whole day in order to get caught up with the sewing and mending baskets. By planning the housework a little differently for two or three days beforehand, one can generally get a day clear to be devoted solely to sewing. It is always a help to have food prepared so the dinner at night will be easy to get and require little of the housewife's attention, and if one is frequently called by phone or interrupted by neighbors, it may not be a bad idea to confide to friends one's plan for the day so they will understand when neither phone nor door bells are answered. By a little planning, too, one can put up attractive lunches for the children and arrange for them to eat at school. And while making lunches for them, one may prepare a cold repast for oneself and place it, covered, where it will retain its attractiveness.

The home maker should take at noon at least an hour for eating her lunch and for complete relaxation, out of sight of the morning's work. If the weather permits, lunch might better be eaten out of doors, with a book or a magazine to help one to forget entirely for a few minutes the business at hand.

And no matter how great the temptation to finish all the work, one should stop in plenty of time to put the room in order and start the dinner.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

HOW TO FIND EASTER

Even the youngest knows by this time that Easter does not come on the same day of the month year after year, like Christmas. Here is a rule for finding when it will come:

"Thirty days hath September,"

Every person can remember;

But to know when Easter's come

Puzzles scholars, some.

When March the twenty-first is past,
Just watch the silvery moon;
And when you see it full and round
Easter will be here soon.

After the moon has reached its full,
Then Easter will be here
The very Sabbath after,
In each and every year.

And if it hap on Sabbath
The moon should reach its height,
The Sabbath following this event
Will be the Easter bright.

—*Herald and Presbyter.*

Is there any reason why our lives should be feeble and stagnant and worthless? Is there any reason why we should not overcome temptation and endure trial, and work the works of God in the world, and come at last to the height of His abode in heaven? Only one,—that we do not know Him who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us. Lay hold on Him by faith and all things are possible. Let us clasp the hand of Christ and climb; and as we climb He will lift us out of sin, out of selfishness, out of weakness, out of death, into holiness, into love, into strength, into life, and we shall know the power of His resurrection.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*

FOR A RAINY DAY

A small child stands watching a continuous downpour of rain, not being able to do anything about it. He shifts from one foot to the other, waiting impatiently for the sun to peep through the clouds.

Mother suggests blocks, trucks or games, but he continues to stare out the window.

It is at a time like this when we appreciate any reasonable suggestions to divert the attention of our children, making them happy and smiling once again.

There are many ways to content the child

who has to remain indoors on a rainy day. One way is to soak some green peas in cold water until soft. Then the child with the aid of toothpicks, is able to make furniture, dolls and many other things, much to his amusement.

A pair of blunt scissors and an old magazine will work wonders, as most every child loves to cut out pretty pictures.

The best suggestion, I think, is the winter sand box. Most children like to play in the sand but are unable to do so in the winter or on rainy days. The sand to which I refer is clean and easily swept up or may be taken up in the vacuum cleaner.

The directions for making the winter sand box are quite simple. Secure a wooden box and paint it any color desired. From your grocer buy enough yellow cornmeal to half or three-quarters fill the box. The cornmeal is very reasonable, selling for a few cents a pound. A few toy dishes or small empty cans from your pantry will make your child beam with joy as he settles down to a day of pleasant play.

The cornmeal will not harm your choice rugs, in fact, many women use it to clean their rugs by dampening it and letting it stand.

—*Clipped.*

THE EASTER MESSAGE

This is "the Life!" Not that he came again

Into these misty twilights of the earth,
But that he rose at once from death and
pain

To Heaven's immortal birth!

This is "the Resurrection!" No mere form

Out of death's gloom an hour's revisit
given,

But the great Life, above earth's change
and storm,

Forever in God's heaven!

O death, that ever followeth after life!

O life, that ever cometh out of death!

Now do we know, in that great, ceaseless
strife,

'Tis Life that conquereth!

So "Christ is risen" is not alone their strain

Who can receive the ancient word of
faith;

But for all hearts that hear, and not in vain,
His Gospel,—which each spring repeats
again,—

Of Life that conquers death.

—*Brooke Herford.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

EASTER—THE EGG AND THE RABBIT

Did you ever stop to wonder why Easter brings colored eggs and soft-furred bunnies? No one would ever think of giving a black cat at Easter or an egg on St. Valentine's day. Each holiday of the year has its own particular symbol. With Thanksgiving comes the turkey, with Christmas the tiny fancy cakes, with Easter the eggs.

Not very many things in this world happen just by chance. Every one of the holiday customs that now seem so natural has a reason, if you can find it. Very frequently you have to look a long way back. And so it is with the Easter egg and the Easter rabbit.

The egg does not look very wonderful—just a shell filled with something. And yet out of that something grows a little chicken or a tiny bird that when strong enough will peck its way from the shell into the world. Man has always marvelled that this can happen. Long before the time of Christ and therefore long before the festival of Easter, people took the egg as a symbol of life. The shaggy-skinned Druids stained eggs with gorse and broom blossoms and gave them to their people in the spring. These colored eggs were supposed to make things grow—to bring good crops.

Somewhat later than that the Romans used eggs for games. The egg, with them, was the emblem of Castor and Pollux, twins who, they believed, came forth from an egg of the swan Leda. The ancient Persians, too, had a legend concerning the egg. According to their story, two brothers once lived, each of whom made an egg. The one egg was full of good spirits and the other of evil demons. They broke the two eggs together so that good and evil became mixed in the world. Even now on a certain day in March, Persians present each other with colored eggs. Every country had some legend concerning the egg.

It was natural, then, that the early Christians, knowing these stories and associating the egg with life, should choose it as the emblem of the resurrection.

In olden days the custom of making presents of colored eggs at Easter was almost universal. Young and old alike received their share. In an English parchment of long ago appears this item: "Eighteen pence" (thirty-six cents) "for four hundred eggs to be used for Easter gifts." Surely

eggs have never since been so cheap!

In Jerusalem today Christians observe the same practices that were followed on those first Easter Sundays. Every boy carries a hard-boiled egg. He tries to crack the egg of each boy he meets, and if he succeeds he wins that egg.

Something the same are the egg-rolling games long popular in the British Isles. There, the egg that remains uncracked the longest wins all the other eggs. And, in this country, the egg-rolling party on the lawn of the White House at Washington is a well-known event.

Irish children color eggs for weeks ahead and give them as presents on Easter day, while in Switzerland eggs are taken to school, each child vieing with the others to bring the prettiest one.

It is in Paris, however, that the most elaborate eggs are to be found. For weeks before Easter, egg-shaped articles appear in every variety of material. The shop windows are full of them, from tiny caraway sweetmeats, the size of a humming bird's egg, to cakes as large as an ostrich egg. Women with barrows go along the streets crying aloud, "*Des oeufs! des oeufs!*"

In Russia and Germany everybody gives and eats eggs not only on Easter Sunday but during the entire following week. In the German museum at Berlin is exhibited a huge iron egg. The story runs that one Easter many years ago a German prince sent this iron egg to the princess whom he wished to marry. The princess, believing it to be a practical joke, hurled the egg violently to the floor. To her surprise the iron shell flew open and there on a beautiful lining of crystal lay a golden yolk. She took up the golden ball and opening it found a crown of rubies. This, too, opened and revealed a betrothal ring of diamonds.

These stories but serve to show how closely the egg has always been associated with Easter. But where, you ask, does the Easter rabbit come in? As a matter of fact, the Easter rabbit jumped out of the moon.

Among all ancient peoples the rabbit or hare is the moon spirit. Hindu and Japanese artists paint the hare across the disc of the moon and Hindu mythology says that rabbits dwell on the shores of the lake of the moon. Two very ancient fables explain the hare in the moon. One tells how Buddha once took upon himself the body of a hare that he might feed a hungry fellow creature

and was taken in that shape to the moon, where he has lived ever since. The other and better one claims that when Indra, disguised as a famishing pilgrim, was praying for food, the hare having nothing else to give threw himself into the fire to be roasted. Indra, grateful to the creature, had him translated to the moon.

The Chinese celebrate a moon festival, which takes place in March and corresponds to the Easter festival. At this time, they say, the rabbit in the moon is most clearly to be seen. The ancient Chinese religion, Taoism, taught that the rabbit was the slave of genii, who kept him pounding herbs and drugs to make the elixir of life. And, in all Chinese art, the moon is represented as a rabbit pounding in a mortar.

Now, the date of Easter Sunday, as you know, is reckoned from the moon. The Council at Nice, more than sixteen hundred years ago, in 325, decided that Easter should fall upon the first Sunday after the first full moon which comes upon or next after

the twenty-first of March. When the moon was chosen to determine the time of the Easter celebration, the rabbit came along with it.

The rabbit and the moon, the moon and Easter, Easter and the egg—these legends became all twisted together. And, that is why people today say that the rabbit brings the Easter eggs.

—*Aline Ballard in The Beacon.*

MAPS

I never see a map but I'm away
On all the errands that I long to do,
Up all the rivers that are painted blue,
And all the ranges that are painted gray,
And into those pale spaces where they say:
"Unknown." Oh, what they never knew
I would be knowing!

—*Jean Kenyon Mackenzie.*

Remember, business has a "U" and an "I" in it. —*Sunshine Magazine.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.

Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

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To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

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1. *Letters containing subscriptions to the paper*, fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange. Money from the Sunshine Bags is payable to the Treasurer.

2. *Letters asking for correspondents* should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

3. *Letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Mrs. Rachel J. Sands, Brimble Avenue, North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

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